

WINNERS in the
SUNDAY JOURNAL
"WANT" ADVT. PUZZLES
of Sunday, Dec. 3.
ANNOUNCED ON PAGE 13
IN TO-DAY'S JOURNAL.

NEW YORK JOURNAL

AND ADVERTISER

Last Sunday's Journal
CONTAINED
19,685 Lines of "Want" Advs.
Which is a Gain of
5,229 LINES OVER SAME SUNDAY
LAST YEAR.

NO. 6,235.

TUESDAY—Rain.

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TUESDAY—Rain.

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STARTLING ADMISSIONS BY MOLINEUX'S GIRL FRIEND AT NEW YORK'S GREAT POISON TRIAL.

Mamie Melando, Under Goff's
Clever Questioning, Gives
Startling Testimony.

Newark Servant Destroyed Missive from Prisoner
After She Had Cherished It as a Memento
for More Than a Year.

Lawyer Guild, of Newark, Admits Having Paid Money
to Melando Woman, but Declines to Say
for What Purpose.

TWICE now, with that adroit cross-questioning which gained him his place upon the Bench, Recorder Goff has shown, by witnesses with whom the counsel has finished, the zeal of Molineux's loyal ones, when they learned how deeply he was in the toils, in destroying evidences which might help to fasten the crime upon him.

He led Rudolph Helles along an easy path to admit that he had kept the answer of Stearns & Co. to the letter of inquiry about Harpster, until the original Harpster letter, in a handwriting so strangely resembling Molineux's, in purport so strangely like the one he and Molineux had sent, came to light, and that then he had destroyed it, fearing that it might be used to Molineux's



MAMIE MELANDO SUBJECTED TO THE LYNX-EYE AND SEARCHING QUESTIONS OF RECORDER GOFF.

undoing. Yesterday, through a veil of tears, he coaxed Mamie Melando into a like confession. She had an order for a dress, written by Molineux. When the Recorder had done with her she had owned that after Molineux's arrest she had compared the order with the "Barnet" and "Cornish" letters, published in the newspapers—and then, weeping, had destroyed it.

The Recorder wrung from the witness in a few minutes what Mr. Osborne had failed to draw from her in hours. The rest of her testimony—that she had seen the blue paper in Molineux's room in Newark and had used some of it; that Molineux sent for her to go to Weeks's office, as early as January, and that the bearer of the message was Robert A. Zeller, who worked in Hermann's color factory and is now dodging the District-Attorney's detectives—all this was bad enough. But the admission the Recorder won from her was far worse.

A HUMAN COMEDY ENACTED IN COURT.

The scene in court, while this was going on, was a bit of human comedy to be remembered. Molineux, with every atom of magnetism he possessed centred upon the girl, who strove again and again like a bird in a mesh, to look to him, but could not free herself from the subtle force that dwelt in the unchanging blue eyes and emotionless accents of the Court.

It was like a battle of hypnotists for mastery of a human will. Molineux had one advantage. The girl is fond of him, if eyes show anything; but he failed. The girl's struggles grew feebler and feebler. Then the master questioner, in ten words, carried her back to her innocent childhood, then she wept—and surrendered.

The rest of the day was given up to handwriting. Expert Kinsley, illustrating his points on great sheets of white paper, showed the likeness between Molineux's writing and that of the "patent medicine" letters written by the prisoner, and swore that "beyond the shadow of a doubt" the same hand penned them all.

GUILD ADMITS PAYING MONEY.

William B. Guild, to whom Mamie Melando referred in her testimony as the man who paid her weekly, is one of the Police Commissioners of Newark. He is a member of the law firm of Guild, Lum & Sommer.

When asked last night why he had made weekly payments, as is alleged, to Miss Melando, Mr. Guild said:

"The relations of Miss Melando and myself were simply those of lawyer and client.

"I admit that at intervals I did pay her certain sums of money, but it would be unprofessional for me to tell what the amounts of money were or by whose direction they were paid."

WOMAN ACKNOWLEDGES RELUCTANTLY THAT WEEKS FIRST SPOKE TO HER ABOUT THE BLUE NOTE PAPER.

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Recorder Goff had just taken his seat shortly after half-past ten, when Mamie Melando entered the court room in the custody of Detective Taggart, attached to the District-Attorney's office. A buzz of whispers filled the room as the woman passed around back of the jury box and took her seat, to await her ordeal on the witness stand. She was not perturbed and looked calmly about her.

The clerk called out:

"Roland Molineux to the bar!"

The prisoner sprang through the doorway from the prison pen as agilely as if he were about to mount horizontal bars at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. He began smiling and bowing almost as soon as he had entered. As he had to walk around the north side of the court room he came face to face with Mamie Melando, sitting in the corner. He hesitated slightly, caught her eye, looked at her with intense eagerness, then his white face broke into his best smile of salutation, which the woman returned with mingled cordiality and sadness.

The ding-dong roll call of the jury was the calm which preceded the brewing storm.

MAMIE MELANDO CALLED.

Mr. Osborne arose, his little, keen, black eyes sparkling with the zest of conflict. Mr. Weeks, as ever unshaken, leaned with his elbows on the desk in front of him.

"Call Mamie Melando," said Mr. Osborne. Mr. Weeks unfolded his phlegmatic person, arose slowly, and for the thousandth time said:

"Your Honor, I object."

"Why, Mr. Weeks?" softly asked the Recorder.

"I object," he answered, "because there has been continual breaking in on the testimony of witnesses without sufficient reason."

"If Your Honor please," said Mr. Os-

borne, "this witness is from a foreign State. She is held in the House of Detention. I think she should not be confined there a minute longer than necessary. To keep her there longer would be a cruel act of injustice, in which, I think, even Mr. Weeks will not concur."

The Recorder, after some more parley by the attorneys, permitted Mamie Melando, heavy-faced, snub-nosed, brown-skinned, with large, kindly brown eyes, to mount the stand. She gave her name as Mary A. Melando.

MET MOLINEUX IN FACTORY.

The woman said in response to Mr. Osborne's questions, that she was born and lived in Bayonne, N. J., that her father was a member of the Bayonne police force, and that at the age of twenty she was employed in the paint manufactory of C. T. Reynolds & Co., in Bayonne.

"Where was it you first met the defendant, Roland B. Molineux?"

"It was in the Reynolds factory."

"You worked for Mr. Molineux there?"

"For how long?"

"Three or four years."

"When Molineux left the Reynolds factory, where did he go?"

"He went to work for Morris Hermann & Co., in Newark."

"Did you follow him there?"

"He took quite a number of other employees to Hermann & Co. with him. Did he not?"

"Yes, several."

KNEW ZELLER AND KOHL.

Mamie Melando said that among others who followed Molineux from the Reynolds factory to the Hermann factory, where he was superintendent, were Robert A. Zeller, Martin Michel and Frederick Kohl, or Kohl. She could not recall the spelling of the last name, but at Mr. Osborne's suggestion identified him as the man referred to from his ringing.

The famous unknown man with the red-dish beard, who is believed by the Station to have purchased the bottleholder at Hartigson & Co.'s store, and perhaps the blue stationery from Plumb & Co., of Newark, now appeared for the first time in the trial in the following question:

"Has this Kohl or Kohl a blond beard?"

"His beard," replied the witness, "is ashen gray in color."

The witness said that her duties at the paint factory of Hermann & Co. were to act as forewoman in the parts green department.

"How long have you known Molineux?"

"Eleven years."

"When did you quit his employ?"

"Two years ago."

IDENTIFIES BLUE PAPER.

Mr. Osborne got from the clerk Exhibits D, G and E, which were letters written on the robin-egg blue paper. He asked the Melando woman:

"Did you ever see any paper like that before?"

"I did."

"I show you also," said Mr. Osborne, handing the witness a document, "Exhibit No. 2, on paper like the others, and I ask you if you ever saw paper like that before?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I saw it in Mr. Molineux's room." (In the Newark factory, it was brought out.)

"Where in the room?"

"In the drawer of his sideboard."

The witness said she had been tending Mr. Molineux's room about five years. She remembered having seen the egg-blue paper with the three interlaced silver crescents, first in August and again in October, 1898.

"How much of this paper did you see in October, 1898, in the drawer of the sideboard?"

"About six sheets—yes, six sheets."

"Did you take it all?"

"No, I took three sheets and left three

LOST TWO OF THE SHEETS.

"Did you write to any one on this paper?"

The witness replied that she had written to one man, named Peter Wilson, a plumber, of Trenton, N. J.

"What did you do with the other two sheets?"

"No, sir."

The witness hesitated, looked at Molineux and answered: "I lost them."

Mr. Osborne emphasized the next question as one of unusual significance. He said:

"At what time did you lose them?"

"Some time before Christmas," faintly said Mamie Melando.

"Did you not," said Mr. Osborne, looking over at the jury, "lose them about the time this case was published in the newspapers?"

"No, sir."

Up to this time Mr. Osborne had stood, as if by intention, between Molineux and the witness. Molineux had been gazing with the eagerness of a hypnotist upon the witness, had riveted his eyes upon her, had smiled at her several times, and had not allowed his gaze to depart from the eyes of the witness for a moment.

The woman occasionally looked at Molineux, then looked away, as if she feared his influence. But the witness had few opportunities to let her eyes wander, for Mr. Osborne kept her attention.

MR. OSBORNE'S SENSATION.

The wily Osborne disarmed suspicion presently by saying:

"Miss Melando, I believe I have asked you all the questions I care to at present. No, wait, I shall ask you this:

"Did you ever see Mr. Weeks before you came here to this trial?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

Mr. Osborne was introducing his sensation in the blithest manner.

"In his office in New York."

"When," fairly shouted Mr. Osborne, working up his climax.

"No, I took three sheets and left three

"In January of this year."

"Anybody else there?" asked Mr. Osborne.

The witness hesitated, looked at Molineux and upon being pressed, said:

"Mr. Molineux."

"Did you see him?"

"Not in the room where I was. He was in another room."

"Did Mr. Weeks talk to you about these letters?"

"No, sir."

KNOWS LAWYER GUILD.

"Do you know a lawyer named William R. Guild, who lives in Newark?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to see Mr. Guild at anybody's request?"

"Yes."

"At whose?"

"At Mr. Goff's."

The witness said that Goff, she understood, either was, or had been, a detective. She said that she did not know Mr. Goff other than as a lawyer.

"Did you visit Molineux at any time after October?"

"No," answered the witness, hesitatingly.

"When you visited Mr. Weeks's office did he mention Mr. Guild?"

"He did not."

"Now," said Mr. Osborne, holding in his hand a check which, it is alleged, was given by Lawyer Guild to Mamie Melando, "Did you ever see this paper before?"

Mr. Weeks objected and was sustained. Mr. Osborne said he had no further questions to ask of the witness.

MR. WEEKS CROSS-EXAMINES

Mr. Weeks began his cross-examination.

"When did you leave the employment of Hermann & Co.?"

"In the latter part of 1897."

"Were you in the employ of Hermann & Co., when you saw the paper in Molineux's room?"

"No."

"Are you sure of your dates?"